

# Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

## Oklahoma—Her Tenth Birthday.

Sounding in Oklahoma's tenth birthday jubilation over the arrival of her tenth anniversary today, there is no note of sorrow. But between that day when a scattering multitude, dust-white, relief-eyed, hoarse-voiced, scattered, with mercurial separation, over the waiting prairie, between that day and this there has been many a heart-ache, many a despairing cry, and many an echo of abandoned hope in the sob of the whispering night wind. It is only by turning to this somber thought that one can drink in the glory of Oklahoma today.

Ten years ago this morning the land of Oklahoma lay verdant under the caress of the spring sunshine, verdant, virgin as when the heavy-jowled Irving, fifty years before, followed his French-Indian guide over the billowing hills. A president, for want of a better plan, declared the distribution of farms by a physical lot. Endurance, speed and integrity were given precedence over all other attributes. The privilege of criticizing that plan is open only to him who can suggest a better. But accepting it the people made their race, their wide-scattering, diverging race. The schooners trundled away over the dusty trails, sinking into successive valleys, mounting successive hills, plunging to the bottom and home, the home to be found, won or conquered. The men on horseback carried their clouds of dust far in advance, and within six or seven hours Oklahoma was settled. There were children in that cavalcade, fretting babies, infants of a day. There were women, disheveled, distraught, afloat in the rolling wagons, not peasants, but American women of courage, ambition, intelligence. There were men there, not rough and ready pioneers, but peaceful, unguaranteed homesteaders, knowing what a dubious chance they stood, nerve-ore over long anxiety and doubt, grim in the realization that they and theirs were in a contest of naked vigor.

The farm selected, partly hap-hazard, partly with judgment, never with deliberation, if there were no contestants, and there were contestants in many, many cases, the farmer made a run for the land office and the little family built its fire and cooked the meal under the evening sky. The contest was over. The new-found home was novel. The situation was amusing.

But as the novelty wore away and the hum-drum of developing a farm out of the claim began the dismal task oppressed. There is no doubt of it. The first years of Oklahoma were hard. Society, in farm and town, rural and urban, jumbled in a day, took years for readjustment. There were rascals in plenty, rascals who harassed and bullied the peaceful settler. There were tragedies, and for every tragedy a hundred situations in which tragedy was imminent, in which men were desperate, women distressed, children unhappy and frightened.

But out of the jumble the strong, distinct, orderly lines of society emerged. The adjoining claim-holders came to know their neighbors, the neighborhoods their townships, the townships their counties. The dug-out walls fell in, and the crack-lined shack succeeded it, and itself was supplanted by a home at last.

There is no true spiritual harmony without previous spiritual discord. There is no true happiness without sweetening adversity, and Oklahoma's triumph today, on her tenth birthday, is because she has given order to chaos, because she has, by industry, developed herself into what she is.

No man can pass through the endless waste fields of the territory, or travel from prosperous farm house to farm house without being profoundly impressed with the golden energy of this people who, in the oldest section of Oklahoma, have accomplished more in ten years than any agricultural people ever accomplished in a like period since history began.

The pioneer souls of life in Oklahoma are gone. The territory is developed, to a great extent, far beyond large sections of country lying east of the Mississippi river. Its people have won comfort and prosperity from naked nature. They are happy today, and as past hardship fortunately endures best in the ludicrous side in the heart of the pioneer, so with Oklahoma's good cheer today, there is probably mingled a laugh over the old days, ten years ago.

## Lifting an Old Ban.

After the lapse of 244 years the legislature of "the commonwealth of Massachusetts" has decided to remove the ban that has rested upon Roger Williams all that time. The resolution providing for the revocation has produced a tremendous stir among the historical drybones, but there is little doubt it will pass and the shade of Roger will be permitted to cross the Seekonk river and wander over his old stamping grounds, free from any danger of penalty, says the Chicago Tribune.

That sturdy old Baptist Puritan, Roger Williams, made a notable stir in his time. From the day he arrived in the colony he kept all the other Puritans in a ferment with his defiance of the constituted authorities, his denial of the spiritual rights of civil magistrates, and the accusations of inconsistency which he hurled against his Puritan brethren, as well as his assaults upon their theology. At last patience ceased to be a virtue, and the general court in 1635 sentenced him to expulsion. It was the intention to send him back to England, but he escaped and went into the country of the Narragansetts, where he founded the colony of Rhode Island and laid out Providence Plantations, "a shelter in God's providence for persons distressed from conscience." Having accomplished these tasks satisfactorily he behought himself that he had long been an object of persecution and, not being able to revenge himself upon his persecutors, it is claimed by some of his chroniclers that he gratified his resentment by harrying the peaceful Quakers of Providence Plantations. If some reports are correct there is little wonder his righteous soul was exercised and his godly modesty shocked at the performances of some of these same Quakers.

Roger Williams was a man far ahead of his times. He first contended for that distinction between the spheres of the church and the civil government which is now conceded in this country, and he was the advocate of religious liberty which is now the fundamental sentiment of Christendom. He may have been eccentric in the details of application, as the Quakers would testify, but he was right in the abstract. Though it matters little now to Roger, who has been resting in Nirvana or No Man's Land nearly three centuries, it is a graceful courtesy to his ghost, provided he has a ghost, that it is given the freedom of Massachusetts and may be allowed to consort with the ghosts of the Mathers, the Sewalls, the Aldens and of others of his old persecutors in Boston, Salem, and Plymouth, and lament with them over the spiritual decadence of the present times as compared with the brisk and militant theocracy of their day.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts having thus done fairly justice to the remains of Roger Williams, can now resume its warfare against the pestilent spy-moth, which works destruction by night, and the English sparrow, who walketh abroad at noonday and is altogether evil.

## Relief for Cubans.

The establishment of order and good governmental methods in Cuba is a matter so pressing and important that the people of the United States are not given much opportunity to learn of the deplorable condition of the masses of the island's population, nor of the efforts—necessarily restricted—which are being made to supply the needs of the inhabitants. Information on this point will be furnished by the forthcoming report of the agent of the Red Cross society of Philadelphia, Mr. John A. Steinmetz, who has returned from an extended trip to Cuba, during which he made a thorough examination of the methods already adopted to furnish food to the starving and to cure for the indigent.

Mr. Steinmetz has indicated the scope of his report, in which he will especially emphasize the necessity of promptly sending Red Cross nurses to the island to introduce needed sanitary reforms. He will also recommend the construction of a home and hospital for orphans. The condition of these abandoned waifs is pitiful in the extreme, and to lift them from their squalor and provide them with opportunities for educational and industrial training will be a distinct and invaluable advance

toward the elevation of the natives. In the young element of the population are hidden the possibilities of Cuba's future stability and progress, and in the task of ameliorating the condition of the rising generation, in developing their intellect and in furnishing them means by which to display their latent skill, the Red Cross society is deserving of the promptest and most generous aid.

Mr. Steinmetz opposes the issuance of rations to the natives by the United States government, and declares, on the authority of United States army officers, that it tends to pauperize the island. It is possible, however, that this gratuitous supply of food must be continued a while longer, since most of the natives are as yet unprovided with the means of earning a livelihood. It would seem, however, a good policy to curtail the supply wherever it is possible to furnish work, since the natural predilection of the average Cuban seems to be for a life of untroubled ease, with hunger as the only incentive to labor.

## No Seat, No Fare.

An effort is being made in Chicago to enforce the "no seat, no fare" ordinance against the railroad companies, and hearings are now being given in a justice's court in several cases brought against one of the traction companies.

A detective who watched the cars in the early morning hours was called to testify, and he declared that more passengers hung on straps than had seats in nearly all the cars running between 6:45 o'clock and 9 o'clock in the morning. His testimony was but a description of scenes that can be witnessed in almost any American city, though things may be a little worse in Chicago than elsewhere, because there are more people to ride.

The outcome of the prosecution will be watched with interest, for if Chicago can remedy this notorious evil it ought to be possible for other cities to do the same. It is questionable, however, whether it will ever be possible to give every passenger in a street car a seat during certain hours of the day. In the early morning and evening rushes of people from and to their homes, everybody wants to take the first car that comes along, and if cars were run a half-minute apart on some lines they would be crowded to suffocation.

In some foreign cities no more passengers are allowed to enter a street car or omnibus than can find seats, but in America the people are different. They always want to go somewhere and go in a hurry. Nevertheless the street railway companies ought to be compelled to come as nearly as possible to providing for the convenience and comfort of their patrons by furnishing plenty of cars, and that is something they often fail to do.

## Russian Asia Will Furnish Much Trade.

San Francisco notes a large increase in trade between the United States and Siberia. It is a part of the foreign commerce of our Pacific coast which is increasing at an extremely promising rate.

This improvement is likely to continue for an indefinite period. The world is beginning to understand that Russia is opening to civilization and occupying a region on the eastern coast of the Pacific which is well adapted to produce great staples in abundance and sustain a large population, of European origin. That means a far greater trade with neighboring countries, farther advance in industries, than can ever be had with an equal number of the semi-savages of the tropics. The greatest commercial routes of the world lie east and west. They seldom run north and south. In the like manner, the business of Europeans with Americans and with other Europeans is far more natural, easy of development, and economical in methods than trade with lands inhabited by very different races whose ideas and customs are unfamiliar.

For commercial purposes, our Pacific coast states and Siberia are neighbors. The ocean is not nearly so wide between them as it farther south, and unbroken sea transportation is cheap. These facts make certain a rapid and great increase in the business between the extreme western states of the Union and Siberia.

## Klondike's Winter Activity.

The Klondikers have had an admirable winter, according to official report, the thermometer rarely having registered more than 50 degrees below zero. While such weather would completely paralyze business in the states, the men of the Klondike found it suited to the business of re-locating claims where owners had failed to do the necessary representation work. In the winter travel is best in the Klondike, as the creeks and trails are frozen solid and there are no bogs, morasses or streams to impede progress. The freightage of necessary provisions and supplies is much easier in winter, with the assistance of dogs, a couple of which can pull easily 500 to 800 pounds, which in summer would have to be packed on the backs of mules or bronchos, making locomotion much more tedious and slower, as well as more expensive. The prospectors in the gold fields learned these facts and have profited therefrom and there was constant travel throughout the Klondike, locating and re-locating claims. This will give the gold hunters the advantage of an earlier start than usual at their work and will add greatly to next year's output of gold.

Colonel Bryan's latest political dinner is described as "of the simplest." The menu included haddock, roast beef and roast turkey. There was also cranberry sauce and ice cream. This is our good old Thanksgiving dinner, and the press dispatches call it "simple." Shades of Indigestion!

Colonel Bryan says he is against bringing any one under the American flag without his consent. How about Mr. Raminthe-Face, of Indian Territory, Willie J. T. Have you a deed from Smoke-in-His-Nose, who used to own your farm in Nebraska?

The German naval commander at Samoa has been caught, it is said, handing arms to Matafafa's men and has been arrested by the British naval commander. The Samoan spark is alive again and flickering.

The trouble with the prosecution at Philadelphia was that it expected the judge to instruct the jury that the jury was entitled to the assumption that Quay was guilty or he would not be Quay.

Every few days some man arises and exclaims passionately: "The trusts must go." They certainly must go, but his hair-laden with dictionary sounds is not going to eradicate them.

The capture of those fifteen sailors shows that while on the sea our sailors can land on the enemy, when on land they do not appear to be able to see the enemy.

John Wanamaker does not feel as joyful as he did. The man who carries a political quarrel into the criminal courts and fails is not in an enviable position.

Quay's success in life has been his daring. Few men would have consented to be tried without offering evidence in rebuttal or affirmatively in his behalf.

What our army needs is more discipline, not among our privates but among their officers. Lawton is the last man whose mouth ran away with him.

France is now convinced that Dreyfus is innocent, but how to let him go without confessing that he is innocent, France can not figure out.

Before the white man came the Indian was having his tribal war, just as the Philippians will go to butchering one another if the Americans withdraw.

Senator Quay should purchase that red book for his library. Brought forward to convict him, its confused figures really acquitted him.

By rubbernecking a little Aguinaldo can see by the dawn's early light that the flag is still there and it is moving nearer daily.

There are some smart men in Pennsylvania. Among them is Senator Quay, and above him in shrewdness are his attorneys.

The Philippians have absolute confidence in only one American—Admiral Dewey. Why? Because they are afraid of him.

The first has not touched the tender leaves of the Pennsylvania pines tree.

## La Femme Propose.

Scene: A dance in Mayfair. Time: 1 a. m.

Bobby Vance (standing Captain Emery) jouncing disconsolately by the door of the supper-room—"Hullo, old fellow! Didn't expect to see you here. Dancing?"

Captain Emery—"No, of course not."

Bobby Vance—"Thought it wasn't much in your line. Why did you come, then? What's her name?"

Captain Emery—"Well, you are not expected to play cricket every time you go to see a match at Lord's, are you?"

Mrs. Merrick-Fenton (passing into the supper-room)—"What is that you're saying about a match? The latest? You've heard about it, of course. Friend of yours, isn't she?"

Captain Emery—"I have a good many friends."

Merrick-Fenton—"O, don't be ridiculous! There they are. (Nodding her head towards the stairs, down which a pretty girl is coming on the arm of a middle-aged man of opulent aspect.)"

Captain Emery—"Ah, Miss Trevor! Is that settled, then?"

Mrs. Merrick-Fenton—"My good man, haven't you seen Mrs. Trevor's face this evening? She's positively beaming. She was even decently civil to me."

Captain Emery—"Let me see, Percival's—"

Mrs. Merrick-Fenton (in an undertone)—"Percival? It isn't coils, or something like that. I always think there's something about cocoa that well-sitka—"

Miss Trevor—"So sensible of Mrs. Trevor, when Gwendoline might have done so much worse—don't you think so?"

Captain Emery—"Undoubtedly."

Mrs. Merrick-Fenton (over her shoulder as she goes on)—"I was sure you'd be pleased."

Captain Emery (aloud)—"Delighted! (Under his breath)—"Damn!"

Bobby Vance—"Eh?"

Captain Emery—"Nothing. What about getting a drink and a cigar? I'm tired of this."

Miss Trevor (dropping the arm of Mr. Percival and advancing with her program in her hand)—"Please, Captain Emery, I'm hungry. Here's a signed declaration that you'll take me in to supper. Have you forgotten all about it, or shall I ask some one else?"

Captain Emery—"O, I'm so sorry! Of course, I hadn't forgotten; only I thought, perhaps—"

Miss Trevor (with her hand upon his arm)—"Something in aspic, please, if you love me; it's all I want."

Captain Emery—"In that case you shall have aspic if I have to scour London for it."

Miss Trevor—"There's something about aspic that makes you feel you are doing nothing so commonplace as eating. Reading Whitman, or something of that sort."

Captain Emery—"Whitman? He's one of those Johnnies that write poetry, isn't he?"

Miss Trevor—"Philistine! He's a religion. Shall we sit here? Yes; champagne, please—a little. (She slips and falls into her companion over the rim of her glass.) Do you like Mrs. Merrick-Fenton?"

Captain Emery—"Well, she saves one the trouble of reading the Morning Post."

Miss Trevor (after regarding her companion attentively for a moment or two)—"Let me see, Tom, when is it you leave for India?"

Captain Emery—"The day after tomorrow. There! You've split some champagne on your dress."

Miss Trevor—"O, never mind. Why do you go on again?"

Captain Emery—"Must."

Miss Trevor—"Why is it that all the men one likes go off to the ends of the earth, and then—then you never see them again? No; I don't want anything more to eat. Let us talk. There isn't much time left."

Captain Emery—"Well, you see, they pay you more when you're in India. My private income is about a penny a week; and I simply can't live on my pay at home. Besides, I shall feel more comfortable abroad for a bit—under the circumstances."

Miss Trevor—"Under the circumstances?"

Captain Emery—"I suppose I ought to congratulate you!"

Miss Trevor—"You ought to have done so yesterday. I was yesterday, I thought it horrid of you to take no notice."

Captain Emery—"I hadn't the least idea."

Miss Trevor—"And I'm my own mistress now. I wrote a check this morning. They sent it back from the bank because I hadn't signed it. As if it mattered, when I was my own mistress!"

Captain Emery—"But you are not to be your own mistress long."

Miss Trevor—"Was that what Mrs. Merrick-Fenton was telling you just now?"

Captain Emery—"She said that you and Percival—"

Miss Trevor—"Cat!"

Captain Emery—"Eh?"

Miss Trevor—"I mean—it isn't true. Did you believe it?"

Captain Emery (after reflecting for a few moments, with his eyes on his plate)—"Well, it's a suitable match—in one way. He's plenty of money."

Miss Trevor—"So have I. Quite as much as I want. You know that, didn't you?" (Captain Emery nods.)

Captain Emery—"That's what makes it so suitable. Neither of us is suspected of any mercenary motive."

Miss Trevor—"But that's what makes mamma so anxious that—Of course, he has asked me, and mamma wants—"

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

The People's bank at Kingfisher has in individual deposits \$97,307.

The experiment station at Stillwater is encouraging the culture of sugar beets.

In the case of that wheat in Oklahoma which will be poor, the trouble was late sowing.

At Kingfisher last Monday night 2.35 inches of rain fell in course of a few minutes.

There are mighty few people in Oklahoma who would vote to live the past ten years over again.

Ten years ago the western Kansas crowd met at Kingfisher and began to size each other up.

People who witnessed it will never forget the wild scramble over the hills of Guthrie at 1 p. m. April 22, 1890.

The Enid Wave advises the officers of that city who have been in game men to the calaboose to purchase hand-cuffs.

There was some better way of opening a country to settlement than by the high noon method, but no one ever suggested it.

The Congregationalists of Enid will erect a church. They have secured Reverend Charles Sheldon of Tecumseh as pastor.

A good many sooner were mighty shady years ago this forenoon, and a good deal in evidence ten years ago this afternoon.

The first boy born in Oklahoma after the opening, is probably flying kites today. His name is forgotten, although a record was made of it at the time.

The Oklahoma City Times-Journal thinks that the territory now surrounding Oklahoma City and tributary to it would support a city of 5,000 inhabitants.

In Oklahoma last year there were 347 miles of railroad built and less lead pipe was used upon the lines that were built than upon those that were not.

The Orphan Livery barn at Kingfisher burned last Sunday, making the fifth livery stable to go up in flames in Kingfisher in the ten years of the town's life.

Speaking of the original opening, Guthrie had a larger population the first day of her existence than she has ever had after. Thousands who went in the first day went out the second.

According to Iseberg the man suffering from "milk punch" sent for a doctor in Garfield county. The doctor thought he was insane, but discovered that the old cow had kicked his ribs in.

Mrs. Captain Watkins, of the Volunteer army at Enid, entered a saloon asking contributions of some men under the influence of liquor. One Herman Kersting made an insulting remark to her. She had him arrested. He related the officers and a general fight all the way to the police station resulted.

Jake Admire last week asked all the farmers several questions and one of them was for the farmers to state anything of general interest. One farmer answered this: "Hang the law-makers and the thieves." But why should capital punishment be meted out to a thief?

Ten years ago Judge Dille and Cassius M. Barnes were holding down the Guthrie land office, while over in a little wooden shack Dennis Flynn was waiting for the mail as postmaster. At the depot L. R. Delaney, now of Wichita, was scanning the horizon for the incoming train.

According to Prof. R. J. Baker, of Crescent City, who has made the experiment on his own farm, the "soy" bean is one of the most profitable crops for the Oklahoma farmer to raise. It requires one and a half bushels per acre for seed.

The expenses per acre the professor estimates at \$11.50. The yield per acre he puts at 23 bushels, which, at \$2.50 per bushel, less 50 cents for transportation rates to market, leaves the producer a net profit per acre of \$11.44. Prof. Baker says that the cultivation of the "soy" bean is one of the richest fertilizers and nitrogen gatherers, and from a scientific standpoint its value to the soil cannot well be over-estimated.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

All the joints at Coffeyville have been pulled, just at a season when beer is truly enjoyable.

Governor Leedy, it is said, actually regarded that he was governor for two years, regarding it as time wasted.

The editor of Judge says that Kansas sends him more jokes for publication than any other state in the Union.

Mrs. John Martin, daughter of ex-Governor John A. Martin, deceased, died at Kansas City, Kansas, Tuesday.

An Arkansas editor has tried to write a piece like Will White's "What's the Matter with Kansas," but he didn't cut her.

The new fish warden of Kansas who comes from the far western part of the state, will naturally go to work to propagate sardines in Kansas.

There is a general feeling over the state that Dewey's fifteen sailors lost their lives by trying to do something equal to the deeds of the Kansas boys.

It is true of every town in Kansas that has forgotten its commercial advantages to get time to monkey in devious politics, that it has become stunted.

If Reed retired and Sherman of New York becomes speaker, Charles Curtis of Topeka, who stands in with Sherman, may be made chairman of the committee on Indian affairs.

Over three thousand dollars has been raised at Arkansas City to bore for lead and zinc. The average Kansan suffers from the fallacy that there is more in the prairie soil than seed wheat can bring out.

It is told around the corridors in Topeka that Leland and Baker agreed not to fight, but out of consideration for the position it would put the Lambert in, Lambert has a bosom stand-in with both Baker and Leland.

It is said that Secretary Alger never forgot Chief Justice Dozier's favorable comment on the military camps last summer, and that Alger's kindly feeling for Dozier had much to do with the promotion of young Dozier.

Emmett Dalton once said that he would never ask for a pardon so long as Ed. East of Coffeyville opposed it, because he knew Elliott had the influence to prevent its granting. Elliott was killed in the Philippine Islands.

J. E. Oustad of Anthony was offered the place of assistant superintendent of the Reform school at Topeka, but declined it because his wife could not be given a position, too. The customary state institutions, but the available places for women had been given out.

Lawrence Worley, J. W. Robertson recently went out to Willow Springs township to answer a C. O. and leaving forgot a bottle of embalming fluid. A couple of weeks afterwards a lady came to his place of business, asked the name of the "embalmer" he left there, remarking that it had cured the corns of every member of her family, and she wanted to buy a bottle to send to a sister in Oklahoma who was also troubled with corns.

Eight years ago A. F. Harris, a passenger on the Santa Fe out of Arkansas City, was thrown from his train while passing from one car to another and killed. He had \$2,000 insurance in certain benevolent societies, but payment was refused on the ground that he was intoxicated when the accident happened.

Mrs. Harris brought suit and the case has been in the courts ever since. Last Friday, however, a compromise out of court was effected whereby the widow received \$5,000.

Wellington Press: The first man to claim the bounty for gold mining offered last week by the county board was W. A. Hoover of Sixty-sixth township, who ran onto a nest containing eight young pups on Goldsborough hill last Sunday evening. He brought them to town Monday in a

## In Two Tongues.

French Teacher—"I have brought you this package of bonbons. How you say bonbons in English?"

Children (in chorus)—"Goody! Goody!"

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